


Quote



All true citizens would fight and die for the American idea. We assert that the time has come to fight. We cannot urge action against Hitler and suggest that such action will keep us out of war. Any effective resistance against Nazism means war. . . . *Fight for Freedom* is for full war at once. Hitlerism cannot be beaten by half-way measures, and fight for freedom cannot be won by the half-hearted.—From Statement of Purpose, of the newly-organized group known as FIGHT FOR FREEDOM.



For those who will not be *Mentally Marooned*

WORLD WEEK

If one could assume an attitude of complete detachment, it would be fascinating to watch America on her way to War.

It seems incredibly fantastic that a scant year ago, in the closing days of the Presidential campaign, War, in a "shooting" sense, was an unreal issue. It was a distant goblin with which the Administration's opponents tried half-heartedly to frighten the electorate. We still clung, most of us, to the not-too-tattered habiliments of Neutrality. War was a long way off.

Eight months ago, there was yet a potentially powerful isolationist bloc in this country—a force definitely to be reckoned with. Leaders of the America First movement talked of a great nation-wide campaign "to wake America up"—a campaign that never quite got going.

Ten weeks ago, the House passed, by the soberingly close margin of a single vote, an Administration bill to extend the period of selective service.

But something has happened in these United States. With electrifying suddenness, the House votes, by a healthy majority to arm American shipping vessels. The Senate now seems intent upon widening neutrality act revision, to permit American shipping in combat zones. Complete abandonment of the nagual of Neutrality is in the offing.

... — For many months QUOTE has forecast that Hitler will make war (not necessarily declare war) on U. S. when the hour arrives that he has more to gain than lose by our active participation. With abandonment of Neutrality, the time has come. Nazi attacks on American vessels are preliminary steps. We are at war!

JAPAN: Hitler's accelerated campaign in Atlantic waters is undoubtedly intended as a green light to the Nipponese. Even now, we are not too sure they will heed the signal. Japan's plight is desperate. Her trade is stagnant; her economy degenerating. Yet to move North or South is to invite dire disaster. The British-Dutch-Russian-American coalition is a combination far too powerful for her to buck. Yet Japan apparently must do something. Some American militarists are saying this is the hour for strong U.S. action; the time to rid ourselves of the "yellow peril" once and for all, while Japan is still relatively impotent; while Russia's Siberian army is intact, and while an awakened China is beginning to offer real resistance.

RUSSIA: One of our subscribers takes issue with our statement of last week that Germany's invasion of Russia has failed to pay its way. He points out that Germany has acquired more than 200,000 square miles of Russian territory, a region fabulously rich in natural resources including coal and iron.

Quote prophesies . . .

Some weeks ago we intimated that Churchill's cabinet must eventually face test of strength on issue of invading Continent. War debate now going on in house of commons is prelude to that test.

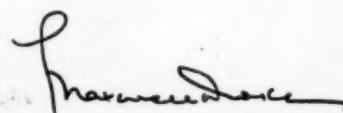
Powerful labor interests in England will force issue further in their determination not to "let Russia down." Churchill probably can still get vote of confidence if it comes to that, but there is likely to be aftermath of discontent, strikes and possibly even sabotage amongst disgruntled Communistic element.

But unless and until America comes actively into war, England will not dare move her defense forces from home base for big-scale attack anywhere on Continent.

That is technically true. But our reference was to what our banker friends term "quick assets." The Germans have already changed the gauge on Russian railroads to accommodate their rolling stock, and are servicing their troops with Russian transportation facilities. Doubtless they have removed some coal and iron; will take out more unless supply and hospital trains clog the tracks. But the fact remains that Hitler has not taken spoils from Russia to compensate for the terrific costs of conquest. This is not to say that, given sufficient time, he may not make the invasion a paying proposition. Russia stands in contrast to other invasions which were immediately and immensely profitable. Some foreign observer—John T. Whitaker, as we recall—has aptly said: "Hitler has gleaned more grain with tanks than we have harvested with tractors." But he has gotten little or no grain from Russia. And it is well to remember that grain and oil are his immediate needs.

AVIATION: Sec'y Stimson's announcement that army air forces will be expanded to 400,000 by June 30 does not come as surprise to insiders who have long known that "big plans" were in the making. Expansion affords rare opportunity for young officers who will be advanced rapidly.

... — Just as Sec'y Ickes declares the gasoline shortage at an end, Defense officials announce a serious shortage of trucks.



Publisher.

Quote

"He Who Never Quotes, is Never Quoted."—Charles Haddon Spurgeon

ALIENS—In America

When you belong to the oppressed, when you are a refugee, when you have failed in your vocation, when you have been poor as a stray dog in your native land, then you embrace Americanism with gratitude. . . . But when you are young and a success in your work and comfortably off, and arrive as a visitor ready to criticize, then you embrace Americanism differently. Then you have fallen in love with a country.—ELISSA LANDI, *I Am an American*, edited by ROBERT SPIERS BENJAMIN. (Alliance, \$1.50).

ARMY—Horses

Streamlining has reached even the Army's cavalry and artillery horses. The plodding type of draft horse is being replaced with a smaller, faster, more active mount developed by a special breeding plan from thoroughbred stock.—*Bankers Magazine*, 10-41.

BACHELORS

The notion that a bachelor is especially blessed by Providence is shared even by the world's lawmakers who every now and then seek to make him conscious of and pay for his theoretical great privilege. Taxes on bachelors are regularly proposed in various nations. But the last straw came recently in a press dispatch from Dover, Delaware, as follows: "The Legislature has received a proposal to tax bachelors for the support of a home for unwed expectant mothers. A bill introduced recently by Representative William A. Ringler would require all bachelors over thirty to pay fifty dollars a year."—GEORGE JEAN NATHAN, *The Bachelor Life*. (Reynal & Hitchcock, \$2.50).

"May we
Quote
you on that?"

"Despite my anniversary" (26 years as movie actor) "I am not too old to appreciate glamour."—LIONEL BARRYMORE, age 63, upon being kissed by Ann Ayars.

"The U. S. is the preachi-est nation on earth. We've done more talking about international morality than any other country—and done as little to further it."—Dr. WALTER VAN KIRK, Federal Council of Churches.

"A Communist is a Socialist without a sense of humor."—GEORGE BARTON CUTTEN, President Colgate University.

"Neither the church nor any other private institution has the right in a democracy to legislate itself into a privileged position."—Rev. DELOS O'BRIEN, advocating repeal of Delaware's Blue Laws.

"I happen to have been left a great deal of money. I don't know what is going to happen to it, and I don't give a damn. If I cannot make myself worthy of three meals a day, I don't deserve them."—MARSHALL FIELD, American Public Welfare Ass'n.

BORROWING AND LENDING

Mark Twain once asked a neighbor if he might read a set of his books. The neighbor replied ungraciously that he was welcome to read them in his library, but he had a rule never to let a book leave his house. Some weeks later the same neighbor sent over to ask for the loan of his lawn mower.

"I shall be very glad to loan you my lawn mower," said Mark Twain, "but since I made it a rule never to let it leave my lawn, you will be obliged to use it there."—*Christian Science Monitor*.

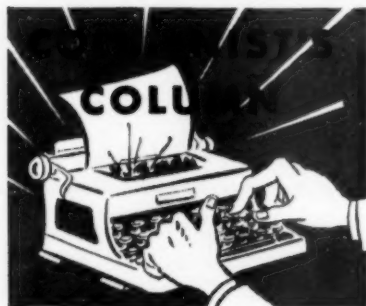
DEFENSE—Effects Of

Because of increased defense requirements, telephone companies associated with the Bell System will not feature holiday rates this year; may even advertise asking patrons to use service sparingly at such times, as patriotic gesture. . . . Greeting card manufacturers will have their allotments of paper cut fifty per cent for 1942 Christmas season.

EDUCATION—Russian

Basic courses in Russian schools this term teach children how to fight poison gas, extinguish incendiary bombs and what they should know about war explosives. Older pupils are getting simple lessons in using telegraphic and optical instruments for communication emergencies. They are taught elementary facts about ballistics and diesel motors. And for morale building, Soviet educators are having teachers stress exploits of old Russian heroes and Soviet achievements in science, literature and art.

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"Lick Hitler!"

By RICHARD RENNEISEN

You are running into it more and more these days. Admittedly it is a bit ungentle. But there is certain magic in it, and to boot, it is characteristically American. We speak of the current trend toward saying things like "lick Hitler" when you mean "lick Hitler"—and not scrooging along behind ailing euphemisms like "all possible aid to Britain." We heard the "lick Hitler" phrase from Gov. Keen Johnson the other day as he spoke in the vast reaches of the Westinghouse gun-mounting plant here. It sounded four-square, hard-hitting and meaningful. He snapped it into the microphone and the audience liked it. You could tell.

No doubt much impetus to this trend has been added by the President's "shoot on sight" speech. It was hard to see a man upon whom the old tugs of polite international relationships had fastened to such a degree, tear himself from them and toss all the old euphemisms into the wastebasket. But the President had it to do, and he swung on the task like a wrathful jurist who'd paroled the same bandit three times before. And now Americans are getting talked to in their own language. "Aid to Britain" never meant much. It didn't click. You didn't speak of going out and "aiding" Joe Doakes fix a flat tire. You said you were going out and "help" Joe get that job done. You had to have a word that expressed what you wanted done.

When you meant "Hitler" and you said "the dictators," it hampered you like it hampered the medical profession to have to keep referring to "social diseases" when they meant syphilis. "Licking Hitler" has a connotation of its own. It doesn't mean the same thing at all to "aid Britain" as it does to "lick Hitler." Somebody ought to have thought of that earlier.—From the department, "Bread and Circuses," *Louisville Courier-Journal*.

EMPLOYMENT—Older Men

One of the most gratifying by-products of war-time conditions is the comeback of the older man. One of the most appalling results of the depression of the early '30's was the absolutely ruthless casting aside of older men. Today they are getting new life and encouragement; and they are meeting the challenge. They are demonstrating that gray hair does not mean a somnolent mind. They are showing that experience is still a valuable commodity in the mass market. They are uncovering an astonishing capacity for hard work.—*Printers' Ink Monthly*, 10-'41.

FAMILIES

Only the very poor or the very wealthy can afford such a preposterous luxury as the raising of a big family.—BELLAMY PARTRIDGE, *Big Family*, (Whittlesey, \$2.75).

FASHION

Leopold Stokowski was arbiter of the Philadelphia Orchestra in all things, including fashions. He never wears a hat, and headgear among the orchestra men was almost nonexistent. If Stokowski wore spats, everyone else from the concert master on down suddenly felt a draft around his ankles. They say whenever the leader bought an article of dress the alert haberdashers of Philadelphia immediately ordered ninety-six more just like it.—CONSTANCE HOPE, *Publicity is Broccoli*, (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2).

FOOD—Ersatz

An American correspondent in Germany was interviewing a German worker. "I understand," the reporter said, "that food conditions here are very bad. The people have to eat rats."

The worker shrugged his shoulders and replied, "Rats would be all right. It's their ersatz rats."—*Weekly Review*, 10-14-'41.

FOOD—In Wartime

A few days ago a prominent American government official, now in England, dined at the home of one of the leading peers of the realm. The dessert was a custard made without eggs—eggs are practically nonexistent in England now—and the American, not caring much for it, left half of his on his plate. Lady X deftly scooped the custard remnant onto her own plate, and ate it. Nobody seemed surprised except the American.—*The New Republic*, 10-13-'41.

What is America?

Our history is the history of men and women who have fought for the dream of freedom, of men and women who believed that wherever freedom is threatened, that they stand in danger, of men and women who have believed that wherever freedom perishes there a part of themselves lies dead. . . . History proves that our battlefield has never been the line of conquest but always since the barefooted soldiers of Stony Point and Valley Forge—the frontiers of Freedom. Our history reveals that Americans have fought—and fought damned well—only for the defeat of things that tormented the soul of man—tyranny, slavery and intolerance.

—BEN HECHT and CHARLES MACARTHUR, from their 87-line poem read at a recent rally staged by Fight for Freedom, Inc.

GENEROSITY—International

What the world needs most desperately is enlightened generosity. It is a joy to give but a bitter humiliation to have your possessions taken away from you. When the world learns to give to its defeated and destitute nations in time to stop the growth of their inferiority complexes, the world will achieve peace. But not until then.—WILLIAM MOULTON MARSTON, Ph. D., "A Psychologist Looks at War and Peace," *Tomorrow*, 11-'41.

GERMAN-AMERICANS—

War Sympathies

The leader in a group of German-Americans analyzes the political views of the 7 million persons of German extraction in the U. S. as follows:

"Five per cent are Nazis. Another 5 per cent have taken an anti-Nazi stand. The 90 per cent in between are on the fence. In some cases they are afraid of reprisals on relatives in Germany. Some feel a stand against Hitler would be a stand against Germany. They feel: 'I hate to see Hitler win, but I hate to see Germany lose.' That is a false loyalty. The German

people will not have a liberation except by military defeat. Germany was the first country Hitler invaded. Germany should be regarded as a country under the iron heel as much as any other oppressed region."—*World Affairs*, 9-'41.

INGENUITY

There are still plenty of the old-time party lines in the country and they're not easy to break in on when a conversation is in progress. Anxious to get a call through, a conscientious farmer put down the receiver for the third time, refusing to listen to a discourse on beans by the lady who just said she had put a potful on to cook.

Exasperated after three more hopeful tries, the ingenious tiller of the soil shouted into the mouthpiece:

"Oh lady! I smell your beans burning!"

Shelter Bulletin

"Greetings to our nightly companions, our temporary cave dwellers, our sleeping companions, somnabulists, snorers, chatterers, and all who inhabit the Swiss Cottage Station nightly from dusk to dawn."

With this introduction the "house magazine" for those who seek shelter on the hard floor of a London underground railway proceeds to note a few rules and suggestions:

"Hot tea cannot be promised every night. Remember—while you sit, read, or sleep in quietness and comfort, other things than tea may be brewing up in the streets. We shall be glad if you can bring your own cups.

"Please heed the request for cleanliness. Dustbins are provided for refuse. It is our last—and only—territorial demand.

"Suffer a little inconvenience to make room for the next person."—*Clement Comments*.

INSTALLMENT BUYING

A man was arranging to finance the purchase of his new car through a discount company. He read the installment papers with more than casual interest, especially the line printed on top in large type: "Our Rates Are Lower." After thoughtfully absorbing this, the customer asked for the credit information blank he had been requested to fill out, saying he had just discovered a mistake. He made the correction and handed it back to the manager, who, after looking it over, exclaimed "What's this! You've inked

THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT THESE New Books

Reveille in Washington—MARGARET LEECH, *Tin Wedding*, *The Feathered Nest*, co-author with Heywood Broun of the biography, *Anthony Comstock* (Harper, \$3.50).

Today, with all eyes on Washington, Miss Leech's history of the nation's capital in the crisis of Civil War is opportunely timed. That an infant city, "valued only as a symbol," survived the deadly threat of conquest and disunion, and developed from a mosquito and mud-ridden town of unfinished buildings, inadequate sewerage, and offensive resorts to the fulfillment of its grandiose conception is assuredly a basis for faith in its present-day maturity.

Virginia Woolf has defined the daily paper as "history in the raw." Then history is unglossed, alive and pulsing in *Reveille in Washington* for the author has drawn mainly from contemporary sources.

The critical years of 1860-1865, from the union-shaking last days of Buchanan's term through the early days of Andrew Johnson's, are vividly portrayed. The military figures of McClellan, Grant, Sherman and Sheridan stalk through this panorama of five decisive years in the alternate light of adulation and censure which public opinion cast upon them. Walt Whitman, Lew Wallace and Louisa M. Alcott enter the scene, not as literati, but in their less-familiar guise of patriots and servants of the Union. Looming high above this assembly of great and near great is the lanky form of Abraham Lincoln, beset by a cabi-

net of whom "but one did not think himself a better man than the President"; by a moody and extravagant wife; by dilly-dallying, inefficient Generals. (Winfield Scott's partiality in advancing men of his native South depleted the Federal army of experienced officers when the break came).

It is hard to imagine the dignified halls of the patent office serving as barracks for the motley troops that answered Lincoln's call for volunteers. Even more so to visualize the basement of the stately Capital filled with great ovens where bread was baked for the soldiers. Such was our civil war capital, half loyal, half *secesh*, destined through its survival to attain an undreamed-of importance as the center of a great national government.

Here was the origin of much that has survived to accompany all future conflicts, the Red Cross, labor unrest (among government employees then rather than private industry), spies and counter-spies. And here too rang out those familiar cries: "The President is over-running his powers;" "The soldiers are demoralized;" "Conscription is unfair." War was different—yet the same.

Both North and South have contributed to the annals their records of those fateful years, but Miss Leech's interpretation of the war from the viewpoint of the key city is unique.

As Book-of-the-Month Club selection for September, *Reveille in Washington* rivals two books on Nazi Germany for top position on the non-fiction best-seller list.

out 'Salary \$200 a month' and inserted 'My salary is higher.' Higher than what?"

The customer merely yawned and replied—"How should I know? Higher than it would be if lower, perhaps. Or maybe it is just higher than whatever your rates are lower than."—Told by WILLIAM TRUFANT FOSTER, Pollak Foundation.

A progressive manager of a food market in New Jersey has inaugurated a "Turkey Club" so that customers could buy their Thanksgiving bird on the installment plan. Well in advance of Thanksgiving, the customer decides what size bird she will want, then each week deposits with the store 25 cents toward the bird.—*Bakers Review*, 10-'41.

News of the New

ARMY: New "para-ration" contains day's food for parachute trooper. Weighs 32.86 ounces—light enough not to hasten descent of parachute; contains 3726 calories.

" "

AVIATION: Revolutionary bat-shaped plane, developed by Northrop, now being tested in California. No fuselage or tail; employs 2 engines buried in wings and driving pusher propellers thru 10-ft. shafts.

New device just patented to facilitate location of wrecked planes. Consists of red ribbon half-mile long, packed in box under plane, released by lever on instrument board. Theory: Pilot making forced landing releases ribbon which floats to ground and may be seen by flyers seeking lost plane.

" "

DISCOVERY: Research experts of TVA have developed process producing aluminum from white clay, plentiful throughout U. S. Substance called *alumina* extracted in proportion 30 lbs. to 100 lbs. clay. Yields 15 lbs. aluminum. Cost higher than bauxite, but supply virtually unlimited.

" "

INVENTION: Nat'l Inventors Council has already received 30,000 inventions and suggestions relating to Defense. No statement as to percentage of new ideas adopted, but practical results have already surpassed entire period of last war.

Newest clock has mechanism so delicately adjusted that change in temperature "winds" it for 4 days.

" "

Dr. Geo. E. Shambaugh, Jr., Rush Medical College, Chicago, asserts 7 out of 10 sinus infections caused by allergy. House dust most common offender, with wheat, milk, chocolate, eggs, coffee following in that order. Most cases allergy can be tracked down by same methods used with hay fever sufferers—and offensive element eliminated. Where irritating agent (house dust) cannot be eliminated, effects reduced thru injection of extract made from irritant.

" "

SURGERY: Caesarian operation was performed in Chicago's Henrotin hospital this week by Dr. Edw. L. Cornell. 5-lb. baby delivered to strains of high-fidelity music, with mother under local anaesthetic. Purpose: to test efficiency of music as distraction from pain and partial hypnotic. Results: "Highly satisfactory."

JOURNALISM—Qualifications

One day, years ago, crossing Long Island Sound in the ferry from Sea Cliff to Rye, I spied a man in the car ahead of me dictating into a phonograph. I introduced myself as a cub reporter on the *Evening Post*, and Mr. Brisbane dropped the tube long enough to deliver me a memorable lecture on journalism. Its central theme was the risk an ambitious young newspaper man ran of getting to know too much about his subject.

"Whatever you do, Mr. Stokes," he warned, "never lose your superficiality."—HAROLD PHELPS STOKES, *Saturday Review of Literature*, 10-11-41.

KINDNESS—Value Of

The longer I live, the more I find out that being pleasant and being kind are the two most important virtues in the world. I'm taking it for granted that you are honest—and not going around committing any major crimes. Kindness and pleasantness are important in business, and they are important socially. Don't be kind or pleasant because you expect a reward! Be kind and pleasant because it is in you. You'll be surprised how the rewards will come.—THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW, "Chats at Midnight," *Your Charm*, 11-41.

LABOR—Pickets

Muller Bros., Los Angeles service station faced with labor troubles, recently ran an unusual newspaper ad, headed: "Our Pickets Are the Nicest Bunch of Strangers we Have Ever Met." Ad explained that since their employees didn't care to be unionized, the place was being picketed. "There's not a Muller Bros., employee in the bunch" said the copy "but they're just as courteous as our men are. . . . They are behaving like perfect gentlemen. You can drive right in for service and they won't bother you a bit."—Reported in *American Business*, 10-41.

LATIN-AMERICANS—Characteristics

The Latin American, though very fond of pleasure and relaxation, is not by any means the unbusiness-like dreamer he is so often imagined to be. Of course his nature is a combination of the romantic and the intellectual. Money-making, therefore, is likely to be secondary to what he considers the real purposes of life: namely, romance and the development of the intellect. On the other hand, the Latin American man of affairs is in-

Dear Sarge

Here's to the gentle Sergeant
Who coaxes us to rise;
We like his soothing bellow
And admire his bloodshot eyes.

At break o'dawn each morning
When all the world's a-snore,
There comes the elfin patter
Of his brogans on the floor.

Sarge is a dandy fellow,
By all let that be said—
But wouldn't life be perfect
If Sarge would stay in bed!

—Private Rookie, *Chanute Field Wings*, 10-10-41.

clined to be just as punctual in his appointments and exacting in his requirements as the proverbially efficient business man of the United States.—PHILLIP LEONARD GREEN, *Our Latin American Neighbors*, (Hastings House, \$2).

LEGISLATURE—English

Listening to a debate in the House of Lords (England) one begins to understand why, under British law, infants, criminals, imbeciles and peers are not allowed to vote. The speaking peer stands almost alone in a vast emptiness, which, in most cases his oratory does nothing to dispel. Surrounded by a sea of bright red benches he must be constantly on his guard lest that symbolic colour should excite him to some sign of liveliness. It no longer seems funny, only sad, that the Duke of Devonshire dreamt he was speaking in the House of Lords—and woke up to find he was.—PATRICIA STRAUSS, *Bevin and Co.*, (Putnam's, \$2.50).

" "

Mr. E. Brown, M.P., has just revealed the fact that a Thursday prayer meeting has been held in the House of Commons without a break since William IV. Such action in high places is the secret of England.—*Dawn*.

LUCK

Luck means the hardships and privations which you have not hesitated to endure; the long nights you have devoted to work. Luck means the appointments you have never failed to keep; the trains you have never failed to catch.—MAX O'RELL.

MORALE

"The best morale," said the Colonel, "exists when you never hear the word 'morale.' Count on this: when you hear a lot of talk about it, it's lousy."

MUSIC—Children

Whether or not our children love music will depend chiefly on us. . . . The love of music should be acquired in exactly the same way as the knowledge of a language, by hearing it, and a child can't hear it too soon. Before the piano lessons begin, great music should be as familiar to our children as the appearance of the rooms in our home. . . . The important thing is that children should associate great music with their earliest and most enduring impressions of their world and come naturally to love it. —JOHN ERSKINE, "Music is Good Society," *House Beautiful*, 10-41.

MUSIC—War

One of the unusual things about this war is its lack of martial music. Remember how the Australians captured Bengazi in February to the tune of "We're off to see the Wizard, the Wonderful Wizard of Oz"? In this country about the closest approach to a "Battle Hymn of the Republic" has been "God Bless America." The production lines, however, whistle "Little Joe" from "Destry Rides Again," and "Pepsi-Cola Hits the Spot." —*Dun's Review*, 9-41.

PAN-AMERICAN RELATIONS

Latin Americans are "fed up" with so-called good-will ambassadors who can't speak Spanish or Portuguese. No one who really knows Latin America is surprised at this. As the engineer of a small industrial plant in South America is reported to have said, in reply to the question, "What fuel do you burn in your furnaces?"—"Sometimes coal, sometimes wood, and sometimes catalogues printed in languages we cannot read." —Dean HENRY GRATAN DOYLE, of The George Washington University.

PRECISION

Meticulousness is congenial to the German. I was in a Berlin barber shop one day when the barber asked a square-headed Prussian customer how he wanted his hair cut. Came the characteristic reply: "Make it two millimeters in the back and four in the front." —LOUIS FISCHER, *Men and Politics*, (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, \$3.50).

American Scene

The Last Trail Drive

Cal Floyd, rancher of Elgin, Kas., who in his younger days trailed many a cattle herd north to market or pasture, tried it again last week.

Mr. Floyd had 600 head of yearling steers—veritable "dogies"—that he wished to transfer from Northern Oklahoma to his ranch in Chautauqua County, Kansas. He conceived the notion of herding them north, instead of shipping them. And this is what happened:

Instead of a hard overland ride southward, as in the old days, with a crew of trail drivers and a horse remuda, Floyd and six men, with only one horse apiece, made the trip to Oklahoma in trucks. The herd of 600 was not large as compared to the old days, when 3,000 cattle was considered about the right size, but even so it would have taken more men and many more horses to get it north had it not been for the fences along the highways which prevented the herd from straying in either direction.

New problems, however, presented themselves. There were no Indians, but there were cars roaring down the highways at sixty miles an hour or more. There was no free grass, but fortunately Floyd had friends along the route who let him bed his cattle at night in their pastures. There was no chuck wagon—Floyd and his riders subsisted on luncheons brought from the nearest towns, including thermos-bottle coffee. The herd averaged fifteen miles a day—a good average by the old standards.

They followed back country roads as much as possible to avoid traffic, and cut across many pastures. Finally they arrived all safe and sound at the home ranch.

It was an interesting exploit—a sort of *tour de force* of the cattle business. But Floyd was probably glad to get home. Times have changed and those zipping juggernauts, the modern motor cars, are more risky to an ambling herd than rustlers or redskins. —*Kansas City Star*.

RELIGION—Characteristics

A Chinese bandit was wounded in an encounter with some soldiers and taken to a Methodist missionary hospital. There after some weeks his broken leg mended and he was restored to normal physical condition. He was so grateful that he vowed that never again would he hold up a Methodist. Word of that vow spread through the countryside, so that whenever he did hold up anyone the victim protested that he was a Methodist. So the bandit went back to the hospital to find out how he could distinguish a Methodist when he met one. They told him that a Methodist would always know the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments. The bandit, therefore, memorized them in Chinese, and at the next encounter he exclaimed to the victim: "You recite the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer or Heaven help the spirits of your ancestors!" —Told by Mr. Julean Arnold of the U. S. gov't service in China and quoted by HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK in *Living Under Tension*, (Harper & Brothers, \$1.50).

REVOLUTION—England

The train was crammed with soldiers. In a first-class carriage were six Tommies and an antediluvian person who protested their presence, told them they ought to go third. They said all the thirds were full.

The argument continued. The soldiers laughed.

The ticket inspector came in and a complaint was lodged.

The inspector laughed.

When "revolution" takes place in England, this is all you see of it. People who imagine the old order can't pass away without guillotines and barricades and citizens and comrades and liquidations, just can't realize that anything has happened.

My Communist acquaintances, who greatly dislike levity, would condemn this laughter and good-nature. They would complain that these soldiers are not class conscious. Quite true. They are miles past that stage. We don't have to go toiling painfully back to 1917 to get rid of the Old School Tie. —MARGARET KENNEDY, *Where Stands a Winged Sentry* (Yale, \$2).

GENS FROM Yesteryear

The Imaginary Invalid
By JEROME K. JEROME

Jerome Klapka Jerome was an English humorist, author of many assorted literary wares, the best-known pair being, perhaps, *Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow* and *Passing of The Third-Floor Back*. This amusing little sketch has been often reprinted. Jerome was born in 1859; died in 1927.

I remember going to the British Museum to read up on some slight ailment of which I had a touch—hay fever, I fancy it was. I got down the book and read all I had come to read, then idly turned the leaves and began to study diseases generally. I forget which was the first distemper I plunged into—some fearful, devastating scourge—and before I had glanced half down the list of “premonitory symptoms” it was borne in upon me that I had fairly got it.

I sat for a while, frozen with horror; and then, in the listlessness of despair, I again turned the pages. I came to typhoid fever—read the symptoms—discovered that I had typhoid fever, must have had it for months without knowing it—wondered what else I had got; turned to St. Vitus’ Dance—found as I expected, that I had that, too. . . . I plodded conscientiously thru the 26 letters of the alphabet and the only malady I could conclude I had not got was housemaid’s knee.

I had walked into the reading room a happy, healthy man, I crawled out a decrepit wreck.

I went to my medical man. “I will not take up your time, dear boy,” I said “telling you what is the matter with me. But I will tell you what is not the matter with me. I have not got housemaid’s knee. Everything else, I have got.”

I told him how I came to discover it all. He opened me, looked down me, clutched my wrist, hit me over the chest when I wasn’t expecting it. After that he sat down and wrote a prescription. I did not read it. I took it to the nearest chemist’s. He handed it back. “I am a chemist,” he said, “If I was a co-operative store and hotel combined, I might be able to oblige.”

Then I read the prescription. It ran: “1 lb. beefsteak with 1 pt. bitter beer every 6 hrs. 1 10-mile walk every morning; 1 bed at 11 sharp every night. And don’t stuff up your head with things you don’t understand.”

Good Stories YOU CAN USE...

Recently a Canadian editor was in a gun plant where extremely fine tooling operations were being carried on.

“What are your tolerances on this job?” he asked a man at a lathe.

“One five thousandth of an inch,” replied the workman.

The figure conveyed little to the editor. He asked, “How fine is that?”

The workman, too, seemed puzzled. He called to his neighbor on the next machine: “Bill, how many five thousandths are there in an inch?”

Bill scratched his head. “Gee, I don’t know. But there must be millions of them.”—*The Financial Post*.

“I LAUGHED AT THIS ONE”

ERNEST FIENE, Artist

A famous old New York banker, still functioning at the age of 87, was listening to his lawyer list the faults and foibles of the banker’s 55-year-old bachelor son. “And the worst,” concluded the overwrought attorney, “is this half-million-dollar breach of promise suit which was filed against him today by a blonde gold-digger!”

Calmly the old bank official sat back in his chair, stuck his thumbs in his vest pockets and laughed tolerantly:

“Well, boys will be boys.”

A long queue stood outside a theater in England where an opera company was playing for the season. Noticing the line, a woman passer-by approached and inquired.

“What are you people waiting for?”

“Tales of Hoffman,” was the reply.

“Well,” she remarked, joining the procession, “that’ll do for me. I don’t know how to cook ‘em but my husband will eat anything.”—*Musical Courier*.

“ ”

Don Nelson, the defense-chieftain, went before the Appropriations Committee, where a Congressman asked him: “Are you a \$1-a-year man?” Nelson replied: “No I never receive the dollar.” The startled Congressman asked: “No? Then what do you live on?”—LEONARD LYONS, *New York Post*.

Mrs. James T. Powers, wife of the comedian, had reached that familiar stage in her married career, when just one word in appreciation or disapproval of what she was wearing would mean everything—otherwise complete exasperation.

The comment didn’t come so she trotted merrily out of their hotel apartment with her oblivious spouse. As they reached the door, Powers glimpsed her attire from the corner of his eye, ejaculated:

“Good heavens, what have you got on, a nightie?”

“Yes,” replied his wife briskly. “And since you’ve noticed at last, I’ll dash back in and put on a dress.”

—Taken from RUTH REYNOLDS, *Everywoman’s*.

WISECRACKS of the Week

“What is the first step in cleaning a rifle?” asked the instructor of a rookie.

“Look at the serial number and make sure it’s your own gun.”

“ ”

A Negro preacher was hearing confession. In the middle of it he stopped.

“Young man,” he said, “you ain’t confessin’—you’re braggin’.”—*The Financial Post*.

